

4
SESOSTRIS:

O R,

Royalty in Disguise.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

By Mr. STURMY.

falsis terroribus implet

Ut magus.

Datq; animum in luctus, & luctibus adjicit iram.

HOR.

OVID.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISK,
GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH,
in Dame's-street, MDCCXXVIII.

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To the Right Honourable

The Lady *Hinchbrook*.

Madam,

IT has pleas'd your Ladyship to vouchsafe me your Protection for this little Piece; an Instance of Condescension as greatly surprizing as that of my Presumption in the Request: and I very much fear I have now given the Malicious an Opportunity of taxing your Ladyship once in your Life with an Inadvertency: For very far is it from my Thoughts, that any Product of my unhappy Hours can be worthy of the great Honour I now receive; nor could I ever have aspir'd to it; but from the Assurance of that sweet Affability and Goodness, universally acknowledged to make up Part of your Ladyship's most amiable Character: A Character which fills my Mind with such beautiful Ideas, Words fail me in the Description! O could I paint, in glowing Colours, a perfect Piece! give it their irresistible Graces which adorn your every Ge-

DEDICATION.

sture, your every Word and the Harmony of the lovely Speaker's Voice! The consenting World would approve the Work, and say, This is Lady *Hinchinbrook*! But whither am I transported? I had almost forgot that all these shining Qualities receive yet a brighter Lustre from a most uneffected Modesty, which I dread to offend: And must therefore say no more on so pleasing a Subject; must leave unmention'd those distinguish'd Virtues, which render you the Delight and Admiration of all who are admitted to the Honour of your Ladyship's most engaging Conversation.

I am,

My L A D Y,

Your Ladyship's most obedient;

and most devoted humble Servant;

JOHN STURMY.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. *BOHEME*.

LONG has our Stage for Magick Art been fam'd,
The Muse depos'd, and *Harlequino* reign'd.
To Night, with Pleasure, he resigns his Throne,
And friendly makes our Author's Cause his own—
To Night let Tragic Scenes your Minds improve,
And something more than Coronations move.
Swift flies the Joy which entertains our Eyes,
The solid Pleasures from Reflection rise:
Pleasures like these, should *Britain's* Sons engage,
Adorn our Youth, and cheer our Hearts in Age.

Attend, ye Fair, our rising Scenes shall show
No vulgar Theme, a Tale of Royal Woe;
An injur'd Queen's, a love-sick Virgin's Fears,
By Turns demand, by Turns divide your Tears.
Like *Philomela* sweet, the Nymph complains,
The Mother mourns in more pathetic Strains—
Fierce *Omar's* Crimes your Indigation claim,
Debas'd by Guilt, majestic but in Name—
Our Hero's Fate will various Passions raise,
Excite your Fear, your Pity and your Praise:
By Rage pursu'd, by Love almost undone,
A seeming guilty, yet a pious Son.

Ye Matrons all, whose tender Bosoms bear
A Mother's Love indulge a Mother's Care.
Ye Virgin's all, who Love's soft Pow'r approve,
Or feel the Anguish of despairing Love,
Propitious smile an *Ariaspes's* Flame,
And kindly joyn to give our Author Fame.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

A T length all's well, tho' twas a narrow 'Scape,
I nicely shunn'd the matrimonial Rape.
'Tis hard at best in Wedlock's Yoke to draw,
But, when compell'd, 'tis Ravishment by Law.
What blooming Maid cou'd e'er approve a Spouse
With feeble Knees, gray Hairs, and furrow'd Brows?
We all have Longings, some for this, some that,
Some for the Man, and some for the Estate.
Alas, I fear mine had been disappointed,
Altho' my Dear were Majesty anointed.
When high in Hopes of Comfort from one's Lover,
To find him cold, and Spiritless all over;
Nature's averse but to approach the Dead,
Oh! who could bear a lifeless thing in Bed?
The golden Chariot and the pompous Train,
Give small contentment whilst we want the Main;
To shine all Day a Queen, yet inward weep,
That when Night comes I've nought to do but sleep—
Thanks to my kindly Stars, those Fears are gone,
My Wish obtain'd, the long'd-for Youths my own:
His Dangers past, shall now inhance our Pleasure,
My fondling Heart will love him out of Measure.
What now remains to perfect my Delight,
Your kind Applause to ease our Author's Fright;
You won't deny me on my Wedding Night.

}



A

SONG,

Intended to be sung in the fourth ACT.

BENEATH a Myrtle's friendly Shade,
The Queen of Love reclin'd,

Adonis call'd to lend his Aid,

And ease her love-sick Mind,

In full Expectance of the Boy,

She wreath'd a flow'ry Crown;

Her Rosy Finger call'd the Toy

For him she call'd her own.

The Boy came not she 'gan to plain,

Unto the Wood doth hie,

There found *Adonis* newly slain,

A Boar had pierc'd his Thigh:

O'erborn with Tears, she curs'd the Morn;

Alas, dear Youth! she cry'd,

Oh had Love's Queen been mortal born,

She'd sigh'd out Life, and dy'd.

A 4

Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OMAR, Usurper of the Crown of <i>Egypt</i> .	DION, a Nobleman, his Friend.
SESOSTRIS, Son of King <i>Pharnaxes</i> and <i>Nitocris</i> .	MENES, Officer of the Guards.
PHANES, Chief Mi- nister of the Usur- per, but in the In- terest of <i>Sesostris</i> .	AMMON, Gover- nour of <i>Psammites</i> , Son of <i>Omar</i> . Guards.

W O M E N.

NITOCRIS, Wi- dow of King <i>Phar- naxes</i> .	PARABA, Confi- dant of <i>Nitocris</i> .
ARIASPE, Daugh- ter of <i>Phanes</i> .	CLEANTHE, Con- fidant of <i>Ariaspe</i> .

The SCENE at Memphis, in the
Palace of the Kings of Egypt.



SESOSTRIS:

O R,

Royalty in Disguise.



ACT I. SCENE I.

PHANES, DION,

Pha.



IN this Day's great Event depends
our Fate.

If Heav'n look on, and see *Sesostris*
fall,

Virtue's no more its Care.

Di. Despair not, *Phanes*, Pow'r
usurp'd will fail

This Lord of Nile, imperious *Omar*, stoop,
Whilst young *Sesostris* shall ascend the Throne;
My Mind anticipates the approaching Bliss;
Ev'n now I feel the Joys his Reign shall bring;
O, I could play the Wanton in his Praise!

And

10 S E S O S T R I S: Or,

And dwell incessant on the grateful Subject:
The Godlike Prince, whom ev'ry Grace adorns,
A Lover of Mankind, and Virtue's Friend.

Pha. Our Duty ne'er can equal his Deserving.

Dion. Then Valour seems the Inmate of his Soul:
Well I remember, when a stripling Youth,
Foremost he led the Way in Rural Sports;
Still scorn'd the Pastime of the Game that flies,
And sought th'Encounter of the 'Pard or Lion;
His very Play was War.

Pha. 'Tis true, my *Dion*, I behold *Sesostris*
In Honour's Chace outstripping ev'n our Wish;
His Worth increases faster than his Years;
Already has he liv'd an Age in Glory:
Partake with me my Friend, the Joy I bring.

Di. Whate'er from *Phanes* comes, finds Welcome here,

Pha. Inform'd, by faithful Notice, of the Day
Prefix'd for the Return of *Omar's* Son,
(For all his Steps are mark'd me e'er he treads)
I held it meet t'intrust th'important News
Unto the Prince's Ear. My Words, like Oyl
Cast on the latent Fire, brighten'd him to Flame:
Impatient of Restraint, he issued forth
To flush his Sword upon his Country's Foe;
And, Front to Front, contest with him for Fame.
They met, and our young Hero bears the Lawrel,
His Virtue challeng'd, and his Valour won.

Di. Noble Exploit! our Work's then half perform'd;
We'll answer for the Rest.

Pha. Our Friends then, *Dion*——

Di. Unshaken and resolv'd, I'll to 'em straight,
Your News impart, and fill 'em with our Joy:
At th' Hour and Place I'll give 'em meeting——

My Brain is busy with another Scheme: [Ex. *Dion*,

Say it succeed, 'twill forward our Design——
The Prince, I find, observant of his Word—— [Ent. *Sesost.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE II.

SESOSTRIS, PHANES.

Pha. Honour and Glory to the Royal Champion.

Ses. The Gods approv'd my Cause, and I prevail'd.

Pha. Auspicious close the Day, whose early Dawn
Breaks forth distinguish'd by thy valiant Arm.

Ses. *Phanes*, to thee, whose right Intelligence
Directed well my Sword, our Country owes
Her Thanks, that she sustains one Monster less;
Yet still from thee, one Blessing more she craves,
Tho' slain the Son, the Tyrant Father lives.

Pha. Tyrant remorseless, and devoid of Pity—
Oh! still as often as I tread these Courts,
I seem to traverse the Abode of Death;
Deep piercing Groans, the mournful dying Tone
Invaded my Ear, and still makes sad my Soul:
Fresh Anguish wrings my Heart, oft as my Eye
These Rooms of State, this pompous Pile surveys,
The Imperial Seat of all your Royal Race,
Usurp'd and loaded now by base-born *Omar*.

Ses. Display the Tyrant, make Revenge more keen.

Pha. How shall I speak the Terrors of that Night,
When foulest Murder waded deep in Blood!
These Courts disclos'd th' amazing Tragick Scene.
With Weeping Eye this lofty Pillar view;
Here, at its Base the King your Father tell:
Behold the Stone, yet stain'd with Royal Blood,
Bears Witness to the cursed Murderer's Hand.
Half dead, the Queen hung o'er her mangled Lord,
Bathing with Tears his Wounds: Around he grasp'd,
Struggling in Death, her little harmless Brood.
Alas! my Lord, the same had been your Fate,
Had not Heav'n's Eye, still watchful o'er your Life,
Pointed me out an Instrument to save you.
Amidst Confusion, in the dusky Night,
By stealth, I bore you from the Field of Slaughter;
E'er since, in Private, have preserv'd you safe,

And

And hitherto made vain the Tyrant's Search.

Sef. Thy Story, *Phanes*, piercesto my Soul.
 Ill were my Life preserv'd, if slack my Arm
 Whilst Justice loudly calls for Vengeance due.
 Where lurks this Monster, whom your Fears stile King?
 Bring me the Tyrant *Omar* within reach,
 And if he 'scape my Sword, this erring Arm
 Shall to the Flames, like *Scavola's*, for Torture.

Pha. It glads my Heart, to see thy daring Spirit
 In Vertue's Race so forward and so brave.
 But yet—— I dread thy Courage here——

Sef. Be free;
 My Foster-Father still commands Attention.

Pha. From long Acquaintance, Sir, with *Omar* held,
 To me his Customs are familiar grown,
 And all his Soul lies open to my Eye.
 His Conscience foul, an inward rankling Sore,
 Admits no Peace to harbour in his Breast:
 His Nights are painful on his Couch of Down;
 Cheerless to him the joyful Face of Day,
 Haunted with Fears, which from his Guilt arise.
 Around his Person waits an Armed Band,
 No Train of State, but of his Life the Guard:
 Too strong Opposers would your Valour meet;
 Attempts upon his Life by Force were vain:
 Prudence shall, therefore, lend your Courage Aid;
 By wise Address we'll circumvent his Pow'r.
 All Ways that lead to Liberty are fair.

Sef. Speak your Advice, and guide me with your Counsel,

Pha. Then briefly thus—— This once, my Lord, submit
 To hide your Birth, inglorious Title wear,
 Assume the Name of him your Arms have conquer'd;
 Be thou the Tyrant's Son, be call'd *Psammis*:
 The Token on him found, shall give you Credit;
 For *Omar's* Queen, when forc'd by him from Court,
 Convey'd away her Son, of tender Age,
 A Stranger ever to his Father's Eye;

To him, Sir, as your self, alike unknown.

Sef. But whither, *Phanes*, tends to strange a Purpose?

Pha. To lead you, Sir, in Safety to the Throne;
 By *Omar's* Fall to fix your Empire sure.

Sef.

Ses. The Meaning still seems dark.

Pha. We'll clear the Way.

Admitted once to be the Tyrant's Son,
Your Breast shall lodge the Secrets of his Soul;
Still to his Person open your Access.
With you, my Lord, 'twill rest to choose the Time
T'assert your Right, and give your Country Freedom.

Ses. O fair's the Project which my Friend presents!
But then my Soul, abhorrent of Dishonour,
Unwilling yields to wear so foul Disguise——
Howe'er, since Prudence, which consults our Safety,
Requires me to conceal a while my Name,
I'll stoop, for once, to act this Tyrant's Son,
Forget *Sesoftris*, and debase my Blood.
But say, my Friend, the Time, the Place, the Manner;
How make our first Address to cursed *Omar*?

The Danger threatens there.

Pha. Be that my Province:

Tho' close Companions, Guilt and foul Suspicion;
Tho' Snares the Tyrant fears in all his Paths;
Viewing a Traytor where his Eye dislikes;
By me yet introduc'd, your Presence gives
But slight Mistrust; which to remove, my Lord,
The Letter, Bracelet, and the Signet Ring——

Ses. I hold 'em safe.

Pha. Unquestion'd then your Passport,
The specious Proof shall even blind Suspicion;
He'll spare your Cunning, and himself deceive.

Ses. Oh! still my Heart misgives me, and rebels;
Will ne'er submit to call the Villain Father:
How can I greet him by a Name so tender!
Yet, say I undertake this hateful Part;
Make short my Task, or I shall fail beneath it.

Pha. I'll straight to *Omar*, give him to understand
Th' Arrival of a Stranger here this Morn.
Charg'd with Affairs of Weight, which he declines,
But in his Royal Presence, to declare.

Ses. Yet *Phanes* stay, my Tenderness indulge;
Should not Affection first salute the Queen,
To pay her all the Duty of a Son?

Twould

14 SESOSTRIS: Or,

'Twould cheer a while her Soul, and give her Joy:
How great to me the Pleasure in the Gift!
Great would her Transports be, but fatal too:
With tend'rest Love her Eyes would overflow,
Speak her true Mother, and denounce thy Fate;
For still in Hire is kept some prying Slave,
Who notes the Queen, whose presence to approach
Dares none presume without the Royal Licence;
My Daughter scarce so great a Favour boasts.

Ses. Thy Daughter, *Phanes*! Shall, that heav'nly Maid
Vouchsafate to bow to the infernal *Omar*!
Teach me to curb this Insolence of Pow'r:
I burn for Action, tortur'd by Delay.

Pha. O Stifle, Sir, your Fire, appear compos'd;
A Moment's Space shall bring the Tyrant's Answer.

[*Ex. Phanes.*]

SESOSTRIS alone.

Ses. T'approach a Villain deep immers'd in Blood,
My dearest Blood, fills all my Soul with Horror:
My swelling Heart will shew me in a Storm,
Ruffle my Brow, and give my Tongue the Lye——
Be still a while Revenge, be calm my Breast,
That unexpected I may act my Part;
I th' chosen Hour securely give the Blow:
But Peace thou Babler, ev'n Thought lye smother'd——
The Tyrant comes, with Guards protected comes.
O now my Heart, thy native Plainness hide:
Be mask'd, my manly Soul, with Female Arts,
That foul Disguise put on, may suit me well.

SCENE III.

OMAR, SESOSTRIS, PHANES, Guards.

Om. Business of Weight, you say, and with our self?

Pha. So runs the Tenour of my Message, Sir.

Om. And by no Followers, you say attended?

Pho. Without Retinue, Sir, he waits your Presence;
You see, my Lord, that Stranger;

Om. Guard me, ye Powers!

[To Pha.

His Look disturbs me: close to my Side, my Friend.

Sir, 'tis our Pleasure that you speak your Purpose.

[To Sef.

Sef. Permit me, Sir, most humbly to deliver [Kneeling.
What Royal *Zagra* near expiring sends. [Gives a Letter.

Om. *Zagra* that was our Queen! the Seal is hers,
And these the well-known Traces of her Hand!

The Characters abide upon my Mind,

But to the Purport.

[Reads.

"The Love you bear *Pharnaxes* widow'd Queen

"Unkindly drove me to an exil'd State:

"The Suff'rings since sustain'd by your Commands,

"Shall grieve my Soul no more, Death sets me free:

"Howe'er unjust the Measure of your Wrath

"Towards me, your Favour to *Psammites* show:

"O grant me, dying, this my last Request,

"Extend not your Displeasure to your Son —

Is it then giv'n me to behold my Son,

Whom twice seven Years a foreign Land hath held

From me estrang'd, ev'n to Remembrance lost!

Yet say, *Psammites*, if thou art *Psammites*,

How falls it out, Sir, that old faithful *Ammon*,

The first Companion of our Queen in Flight,

I see not in your Train?

Sef. Old *Ammon*, Sir,

By weight of Years o'ercharg'd, is eas'd by Death —

Tho' Time injurious from your Mind hath worn me,

These Pledges of your Love may there remain;

These Jewels, and this Ring —

[Giving them.

Om. O well those Toys I know,

The same which in the softest Hours of Love

I to your Royal Mother *Zagra* gave.

And this the Golden Circle (sweet Remembrance!)

Which girt her Finger on the Bridal Night.

Thou art my Son —

[Embracing.

Sef. See, Sir, more welcome Proof;

Behold,

Behold, my Lord, this Sword——

[Giving it.]

Om. The Sight confounds me:

Pharnaxes once knew well to use this Weapon?

Ses. And his surviving Son, *Sesostris*, bore:

Om. *Sesostris*!

Ses. This Morn I slew my Country's Foe,
And this known Sword is Witness of the Conquest,
Conferring Honour now on me, the Wearer,

Om. My Son return'd with Blessings in his Hand!
Return'd a Victor o'er my dreaded Foe!

Omar then gives his Fears unto the Wind,
Yet let us learn the Story of thy Valour.

Ses. Beneath the Palace Walls this Morn we met,
Blest was the Chance that brought us Breast to Breast!
An aged Man, who plac'd it by his Side,
With Honour grac'd his Name, and stil'd him Prince.
Such bold Affront, and to my Ear proclaim'd,
With Indignation fir'd my youthful Blood.
With hasty Hand, my Sabre straight I drew,
Declar'd my Birth, and to the Combat dar'd him.
Jointly with eager Swords at me they made;
But Strength united, them small Vantage gave:
Their Odds to me, as to the metal'd Steed,
Th' exciting Spur provoking double Courage,
The grey-head Slave unworthy of my Arm,
Experienc'd first its Force, and fell beneath it.
Nothing dismay'd, but with Revenge more fierce,
My valiant Rival held the Combat doubtful:
At length the Justice of my Cause prevail'd.
From many Months ebb'd out the Stream of Life,
And left his Spirits low; with feeble Voice
He faintly cry'd, O spare my Royal Blood——
More had he spoke, but Death confin'd his Tongue.

Om. Right welcome Tydings which thou bring'st, my
Son;

More welcome thou the Bearer. Close to my Heart,
Which leaps exulting with Paternal Love. [Embracing.]
'Tis Honour greater that I call Thee, Son,
Greater my Joy than Crowns or Scepters give.
Go, *Menes*, let a hundred Captives free;

Ev'n to the Dungeon Slave our Son sends Life:
Throughout the Streets a Festival proclaim,
With flow'ry Garlands let the Priest adorn
A hundred Snow-white Bulls for Sacrifice:
Equal Respect henceforth be paid our Son
As to our self: With like Observance heed
His Royal Will, as if our own Command.
Guards, to our Apartment wait the Prince,
And know, his Pleasure is your Law. [Ex. Sef. and Guards:

Phanes, thy long Experience proves thee skill'd
In reading Man: thine intellectual Eye
Sees piercing deep. Without Reserve, unfold
Thy Thoughts upon our Son.

Pha. If from the Blossom we may judge the Fruit,
Fair are our Hopes, and promise full Perfection:
His first Appearance on the World's great Stage,
Excites our Wonder, and commands Applause:
Th' acclaiming Voice of Fame shall bless the King,
Who makes us happy in so great a Prince.

Om. Phanes, I own I pride me in my Boy;
And that more glorious his Return appear,
Our Nuptials, long design'd, this Day we'll hold
With double Joy, more signal shall it shine.

Pha. Reigns then the widow'd Queen still in your Breast?
Yet, Sir, forgive me, should I think you choose
Improper Season for to urge your Suit.
If hitherto inflexible her Will,
Compliance now, Sir, can you hope to meet?
Find her to Love inclin'd, she now inform'd,
That Omar's Son is Murderer of her own?

Om. Compliance, said you, and her Will inclin'd?

Pha. Your Pow'r, indeed, her Person may constrain;
But her free Mind evades ev'n Kingly Force.
Should harsh Compulsion once incite her Rage,
Within no Bounds confin'd, who knows th' Event?
Th' Nature form'd the female Sex more weak,
Passions she gave 'em stronger far than Man's;
A very Whirlwind in their Fury storms.

Therefore,

Therefore, my Royal Lord, as you regard
Your Peace and Safety——

Om. 'Tis needless all you urge.

Phanes, thy Thoughts run wide of my Intent :

Thy kind Concern howe'er for *Omar* shown,

We take most friendly, as of Love proceeding :

'Tis like a Father's Caution to his Son,

And still as such shall find our due Observance——

Know then, my Friend, that fairer Views present,

Our Mind far otherwise now stands determin'd,

From out my Breast t' expel the haughty Queen,

And to our Bed of Royalty advance

A brighter Beauty of more gentle Soul,

Consulting best my Interest and my Love. [Charms!

Pha. But speak the wond'rous Fair, so prevalent in

Om. In thy Hand, *Phanes*, is the Helm of Pow'r,

Govern'd aright, thou win'st my People's Love;

Then in thy Daughter.—— O th' excelling Fair!

Of her possess'd, I find *Elyzium* here.

Thou shalt protect my Throne, She blest my Bed.

Pha. My Lord!

Om. Be not surpriz'd, we mean the further Honours

Witness the greatest of our num'rous Gods,

Such is our Will, and that admits no Question.

But see the lovely Maid her self attends

To hear my Vows and take my Love's Confession.

SCENE IV.

OMAR, PHANES, ARIASPE, CLEANTHE

Ari. Lend me, *Cleanthe*, thy supporting Arm

To bear me up; the Spectacle of Death

Swims in my Sight, and over-whelms my Soul:

The Horror it creates——

Om. Mark you, *Phanes*?

Whence this Concern? I make her Fears my own——

What means, my Fairest, this dejected Air?

O wherefore fades the Bloom upon thy Cheek?

Why droop thy Head? Do Angels then know Sorrow!

*

Ari

Ari. Melting with Pity, see a Maiden's Heart;
Misfortunes, not my own, call forth my Tears.
Sir, as I lately pass'd the outward Court,
And Object full of Woe distress'd me fore:
Two Persons, seeming of the better Fashion,
Outstretch'd on Earth's cold Bosom, lifeless the one,
The other hast'ning to his Journey's End;
Gushing the Blood at many ghastly Wounds:
In soft Compassion to my Care I took him,
Willing to save the poor Remains of Life,
For full of Years he seem'd. This piteous Sight
Affected me so near, I feel his Pain,
It thrills my Heart, and stops the circling Flood.

Om. The same, no doubt, the Prince this Morn encour-

Pha. Most likely, Sir, both Time and Place agree. [ter'd.

Om. Forbear, too tender Maid, to grieve their Fate;
With Pleasure we behold our bleeding Foe.

O'twas the Stream I greatly thirsted for:
In Sounds of Triumph, we'll enjoy the Day,
And Beauty's Pow'r shall perfect all my Blis.

Yes, Charmer, know a Scepter waits thy Hand;
Our self, the King, *Omar* salutes thee Queen:
E'er Night approach, the sacred Bonds shall joyn us—

The crimson Flushing on her Virgin Cheek
Shows that our Presence now creates Confusion. [*Aside.*

Phanes, prepare thy Daughter for our Nuptials.

[*Ex. Omar.*

Ari. What Meaning to assign this sudden Change!
Can his Ambition, of so tow'ring Flight,
Stoop thus her Wing to Lowline's like mine?
Whence this Profusion of the Royal Favour?
You, Sir, who read his Soul, can show the Reason:

Pha. His Reason, Child, is seated in his Will,
His Will imperious, not to be controul'd.

Ari. No Pow'r, my Lord, shall force me to forego
The natural Duty which I owe my Father;
A Father's Right's superior to a King's.

Pha. But say we stand indifferent to your Choice,
With *Omar's* Love how is thy Soul affected?

Ari. To such Demands what Answer can I make;
My humble Thoughts ne'er for'd to *Omar's* Love.

Pha. To Power and Glory, Woman's Heart I deem'd
Lay always open, and Consent stood ready.

Ari. Suppose Dislike to him that makes the Offer:
Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of my Speech.
Oft has the mournful Queen (Grief's priviledg'd to speak)
Set forth the King to view, O how deform'd!
With Crimes so blotted o'er, he monstrous seem'd.
Let not my Father interpose his Pow'r;

My Heart declares Abhorrence to his Love. [ting.

Pha. Yet bears the Crown such Charms, as shine invi-

Ari. Tarnish'd its Lustre, and debas'd its Metal,
Tender'd by Hands with Royal Blood polluted:
'Tis from the Giver we respect the Gift.

Pha. Dearest *Ariaspe*, all-deserving Daughter,
Thy Tongue sure speaks as prompted by my Heart:
To me well-pleasing this thy frank Confession.
But close thy Thoughts within thy Breast confine;
Let all thy Actions shew the King Respect;
Lay Force on Nature, and dissemble Love.

Ari. To show Affection where Aversion's fix'd,
How hard the Task?

Pha. It shall not grieve thee long;
Few Hours shall free thee from this irksome Duty.
Sweet Soother of my Care, and Solace of my Years
Thee rising I behold to Glory's Top,
By Steps of Virtue by a Path mark'd out,
Suiting a Mind so well dispos'd as thine.

A Prince with Soul unstain'd shall court thy Favour,
And guiltless Hands conjoin to make thee Great.
Meanwhile, my Child, prepare to meet the King
With Looks submissive, cheer'd with tender Smile.
Trust to my Guidance in this slippery Way,
Nor doubt thy Safety in a Father's Care. [Ex. Phao.

Alc. His Words have fix'd her motionless and mute. [Aside.

O speak, my Friend, for if thy outward Form
Stands forth a Mirror to thy Soul, it shews
A Mind disturb'd; the Heart that's ill at Ease,

Royalty in Disguise.

11

The rising Sighs which swell your Bosom, tell
The Pain it feels, and speak Disquiet there.

Strive not, *Ariaspe*, to conceal the Cause;
The Fire that inward burns, is most destructive.

Ari. Most gentle Maid, for ev'ry Pain but mine
Relief is found, my Wound admits no Cure.
Peace with her smiling Train has left my Breast,
Her wonted Seat, and visits me no more.

Cle. For ever banish from your Mind Despair,
That melancholy Guest, the well-known Foe
To Joys of Youth, and Beauty's opening Bloom,
At whose Approach Life's ev'ry Blessing flies.

Ari. Reflect *Cleante*, how severe my Fate,
And you, my Friend, will own ev'n Hope is vain—
The gracious Queen, more than a Mother kind,
In warmest Terms declares the Prince her Son.
Sesostris, *Egypt's* Heir, shall be my Lord:
Already in Affection calls me Daughter—
The King with Power unjust, but yet supreme,
Commands me to his Bed, this Night a Bride—
What moves me most, my Father asks my Love.
In favour of a Prince by him approv'd.

Cle. But in your Choice who holds the foremost Place?
Whom would *Ariaspe* wish her Charms might bless?

Ari. I give the friendly Queen her Promise back,
Death's cold Embraces to the King's prefer,
And wish my Father would forego his Power,
Not press my Duty, but indulge my Love.

Cle. Too late, perchance, he seeks to engage your Heart.

Ari. O true, *Cleante*, Love has chose her Mate:
I'll open to my Friend my wounded Breast;
And if thou can'st apply the healing Balm—
You may remember, 'tis but short time since,
My Father brought a Stranger to our Home.

Cle. A Youth of noble Aspect.

Ari. Alas! *Cleante*—
Lovely in Form and Mind—Tho' his Abode
Was short, he came, he saw, he conquer'd.
Swift flies, like Thought, the subtle Shaft of Love;
At once my Eye, at once my Soul was charm'd:—

[Sighing.]

There fix'd he grows, ne'er to be thence remov'd—
Now say, if e'er thy Breast was touch'd by Love,
That I deserve thy Pity.

Cle. Alas, I feel the Throbbings of thy Heart;
Affection forc'd, were to distend the Mind
Upon the ling'ring Rack, severest Torture.

Ari. It shall not be, to Death Love will resist:
Tho' Friendship's Bond be strong, and Duty's great,
Tho' absolute the Pow'r that rules the State,
Yet Love's more mighty, and controuls my Fate.
So pines the Turtle in the lonely Grove,
Robb'd by the Spoiler of her mated Love.
In vain the Doves of finest Plume and Voice,
Court the poor Mourner to another Choice:
From Spray to Spray, with drooping Wings she flies,
Bemoans her Fate, and solitary dies.



ACT II. SCENE I.

NITOCRIS, PARABA.

Nit. OUR Vows are heard, the Scene of Sorrow's
chang'd,
Grateful Vicissitude! the Work of Heav'n!
Blessings, when long enjoy'd, pass unobserv'd.
The Man who breathes uninterrupted Health,
Knows not the Value of the Gem he wears.
Joy, Grief succeeding, gives me double Pleasure.

Par. Oft I've remark'd, when long descending Rains
Have drench'd the Fields, and flooded all the Vales,
The Spring grew sick, and Nature seem'd to mourn:
But when the Sun came smiling o'er the Plain,
His genial Heat reviv'd the dying Bloom;
Each Flow'r uprear'd its drooping Head, and breath'd

The fragrant Odour forth : The feather'd Tribe
 Harmonious Confort join, joyous salute
 His golden Levée; Mother Earth's rejoic'd.
 So, like the Sun, returning Joy revives
 The glowing Beauties which your Tears had drown'd.
 Again your Eyes their wonted Fire resume,
 Your Voice, your Air, once more bespeak you Queen.
 These Sables, Grief's Memorial, put away;
 Like Angels, robb'd with Light, all-glorious shine.

Nit. Long were the Years which Sorrow measur'd out,
 For Grief hangs heavy on the Wings of Time.
 The posting Minutes now shall faster fly,
 My Son's return'd, and gives me all my Wish.
 No more shall *Omar* insolent presume
 With odious Courtship to affront my Heart,
 Presume to menace me with impious Vows,
 No longer shall I hold a Life precarious :

*Sesostri*s comes, of all my Wrongs Avenger.

Par. Say, whence the Notice of this long-wish'd Blessing?

Nit. 'Tis loud upon the Tongue of swift-wing'd Fame;
 And, if we may give Credit to a Dream,
 But this was something more, 'twas Vision pure,
 Whilst wrapt in Slumber, O the sweet Repose!
 A Youth of Form Divine, with Laurels crown'd,
 Betokening Conquest, to my Fancy's Eye
 Appear'd, his Image there so strong impress'd,
 The lovely Object's present to me still :
 On humble Knee, which filial Duty bow'd,
 He hail'd me Mother, and bespoke me Comfort.
 Fond with maternal Love, inflam'd I ran
 To embrace my Son, but in my Transports wak'd.

Par. May it prove real all.

Nit. Yet hear me further :

Pleas'd with Reflection, and all gay my Soul,
 With grateful Heart I to'ards the Altar press'd;
 My Offring's humbly made, the Gods implor'd,
 That to my Vows they'd lend propitious Ear;
 When Heav'n's Interpreter, the mystick Priest,
 With learned Eye the Sacrifice inspecting,
 Presag'd me Happiness, and promis'd Pow'r,

With Voice and Aspect both commanding Faith,
The venerable Man thus spake prophetick,

" Egypt once more shall see her Queen bear sway,

" For her the sacred Nile shall flow with Plenty.

" *Sesostris* comes, her great Protector comes,

" The Peoples Blessing, and the Tyrant's Bane.

" *Omar*, Thy Thread is spun—Thus clos'd his Speech,

And from my Sight with solemn Pace withdrew ;

When from the Temple's inmost Isle appear'd

Old faithful *Dion* planted in my way.

Par. The Person by whose Hand you sent the Prince
The far-fam'd Sword my Lord *Pharnaxes* bore ?

Nit. The same ; 'twas dang'rous his Message to relate,

But gladsome Tidings in his Face appear'd ;

His very Looks gave Joy—O *Paraba* !

My ravish'd Eyes with Pleasure will o'erflow

To see my Son, an Object more desir'd

Than yon Bright Globe, that fills the World with Blessings.

How will my Ear be charm'd to hear him talk,

Which never heard him, since with lisping Voice

He sweetly 'gan to prattle and complain ?

Majestick now methinks I see him tread,

Whom tott'ring I so oft with Fear beheld,

The Infant Plant how shot up into Man !

Bears he his Father's Front, and noble Port,

Think you my Soul will know him upon sight ?

Forgive me *Paraba* my idle Talk,

O'erlook my Follies in a Mother's Fondness,

To see my Son in Thought, transports my Soul.

Par. The Raptures when in Person he appears !

Nit. O 'twill be pleasure more than words can tell.

Par. But see the Interrupter of our Joys.

Nit. If Priests speak Truth, he shall not long disturb us.

SCENE II.

Enter OMAR, NITOCRIS, PARABA, MENES, Guards.

Om. She seems well pleas'd, but on a false foundation,
How fleeting Woman's Joy, and how fallacious !

'Tis but a cheerful flash, and strait expires,

*

[*Aside.*
Madam,

Royalty in Disguise.

23

Madam, at length I see the Cloud dispers'd
That us'd to obscure the lustre of your Eyes.

Nit. But will with thee return, thy baleful Breath
Like noisom Vapours taints the wholesome Air.
Our Spirit damps, and overcasts the Day,
Thou once remov'd, 'twould be for ever Sun-shine.

Om. Omar it seems must stoop, if Truth's in Fame,
Which speaks *Sesostri* here, within our Walls,
And that the Stripling means to shake our Throne.
We learn besides, the Priest to sooth your Ear,
With insolence belyes the Voice of Heav'n,
And of himself presumeth to speak me Evil.
Dares Omar then from Heav'n expect a Blessing?

Omar, whose Course of Life runs foul with Guilt
Which should it scape unpunish'd might arraign,
And call the Justice of the Gods in Question.

Om. The juggling Priest has made the Woman rave,
I scorn the Wretch, his Thunder idly roars.
But speak the Traytor, Madam, I demand
With whom your Eyes held Conference in the Temple;
The foul mouth'd Broacher of these false Reports.

Nit. Ev'n at the Altar has his Fear set spies. [Aside
The Slave who to the Converse of our Eye
Stood Witness, may explain our Speech, for me;
My Soul disdains to answer thy Demands,
Till she submissive meanly learns to fear thee.

Om. Tho' hitherto our favour will'd thee Mercy—

Nit. 'Tis basely false, thy Fears preserv'd me safe,
Vengeance they shew'd thee, should'st thou dare to touch
A Life so valu'd by my injur'd People.

Om. Let Caution rein thy tolly-guided Tongue,
Nor further urge a Prince upon whose Will
Thy Breath depends, thou bold impetuous Railer.

Nit. O haste ye Gods my Son, *Sesostri* fly,
Thy Father to avenge, thy Mother to defend.

Om. To reach his Ear, your Voice must higher rise,
Were all my Foes at equal distance from me!
O blest'd Condition! without Fears a Crown!

Nit. Tyrant thou'lt prove the Vengeance of his Arm,
What shall obstruct the Justice of his Claim?

* *

What

What bar the Stroak he levels at thy Head?

Om. His Death.

Nit. Impartial Justice guides the Hand of Heav'n,
A Shield for Innocence like his it bears,
Whilst o'er thy guilty Head its Thunder rolls.

Om. Your doating Oracle most vainly dreams,
Instructs you but to prophécy Deceit:
Thy Son is slain, and *Omar* lives to tell it.

Nit. Thy Words, the false Suggestions of vain Hope,
From other Tongues it might perchance find Credit,
But Truth it felt suspected comes from thine.

Om. To prove him slain such Witness shall appear,
Thine Heart howe'er reluctant will believe him,
The valiant Youth by whose brave Sword he fell.

Nit. Suspicious shall I hold whate'er comes from thee,
And to th' avenging Gods my Cause I trust,

[*Exeunt Nitocris and Paraba.*]

Om. So fond her Soul, so strong the Mother's in her,
She cannot bear such tidings of her Boy,
She shall have Proof convincing of his Death;
Once more my Son the Combat shall display,
She'll trembling feel the Terror of his Arm,
Descending fatal with resistless Blows,
His wreaking Sword shall brandish in her Eye,
And her *Sesostris* 'fore her Face expire.
His venom'd Words shall wind into her Heart,
As thro' the Veins a chilling Poison creeps,
And freeze her dead——'twill save my Hand a Labour——
Give Order *Menes* that the Prince attend—— [Ex. *Menes.*
Hah! what means the speed that brings old *Phanes*?
His Look too speaks Concern, unwelcome Errand——

[*Ent. Phanes.*]

SCENE III.

OMAR, PHANES, *Guards.*

Pha. My Duty brings me to inform you, Sir,
'That some seditious Spirits rais'd asperse
With slanderous Tongues the Face of Majesty,

With

With Falshood taxing him they should revere;
Maintaining boldly that *Sesostris* lives,
And far and wide possess the giddy vulgar.

Om. Speak the rebellious Mover of this Riot.

Pha. Seditious *Dion* first inflam'd the Crowd,
By specious fair pretence and popular arts
He work'd his way, and speech'd 'em into Treason;
Vaunting his high Descent and loyal Blood,
Proclaims *Sesostris* as his Royal Master,
And trumpets forth his Vertues to the People.
This Morn he in the Temple was observ'd,
And paid distinguish'd Rev'rence to the Queen.

Om. Breaths then the Villain still?

Pha. But short my Lord,

Mischief when done speaks Caution to its Author,
The Danger threatning o'er his Head he saw,
Knows the Reward a Traitors Tongue deserves,
And to Concealment close for safety flies,
But soon quick-scented Search shall wind his Track.

Om. Life of an Hour's space for such a Wretch
But on the Wheel expir'd, were time too long.
Sedition is a Weed of sudden Growth,
Once planted shoots into a spreading Head.

Pha. But this shall wither e'er its Root be fix'd.

Om. Who knows th' Effects of popular Discontent!
Th' unthinking Multitude, a murmuring Swarm
Drawn from their Hive provok'd, their Stings dart forth
On whomsoe'er they but surmise offends 'em:
Our self may not escape their kindled Fury.

Pha. Th' Incendiary secur'd, shall make us safe,
Compell'd he shall declare his bold Abettors,
And pain inforce him to unsay his Words.

Om. *Phanes*, The Reins of State are in thy Hands,
To thee she looks for Safety in the Guidance.

[Enter *Sesostris*.]

SCENE

With

SCENE IV,

OMAR, SESOSTRIS, PHANES, *Guards*.

My Son, thy Presence answers to our Wish,
The State's Occasion calls for thy Assistance.

Ses. Eternal Honour waits the glorious Youth,
Whose Life's devoted to his Country's Good,
Instruct my Duty to discharge her part.

Om. False is the Mirrour Majesty inspects,
Fair it reflects, gives Beautiesthat we want,
With pleasing Flatt'ry still deludes our Eye,
An Hour's scarce run, since high in Glory plac'd,
My self I view'd, in Power more than Man,
My Throne I said shall be for ever fix'd,
And bids Defiance to the Arm of Fate;
On false Foundations Man erects his Bliss.
My View but now so fair's delusive found,
And Danger gath'ring rises to my Sight,
When Censure dwells upon the Peoples Tongue,
Treason sits brooding, and the Slave who dares
But once presume to question with Our Word,
Soon will dispute Our Pow'r.

Ses. Your Words alarm me, Sir.

Om. Why, Son, we learn that some infectious Breath,
Sedition's Plague among the People spreads;
Who mad with Venom from their blister'd Tongues
Fling matter of Abuse upon our self,
In speech misgovern'd, Terms of rank Reproach,
Asserting boldly that *Sesostris* lives,
And lives to reign their Sovereign wish'd-for Lord:
This too the Queen avows unto our Face.

Ses. And wherefore holds back Chastisement her Rod?
Permit me, Sir, to draw your Legions forth,
Soon shall we teach the Slaves becoming Language.

Om. We mean at first the gentle Rein to try,
With stroaking Hand to sooth th' unruly Beast,
For once we'll stoop to parly with our Vassals;
The Queen convinc'd might stand us much instead,

From

From her a Word would talk 'em into Reason—
We'll have it so, be it your care my Son,
To give her Proof convincing, and so full,
That her belov'd *Sesostri*s is no more,
She may no longer cheat herself with Hope.

Ses. To boast my Conquest, Honour Sir forbids,
Base and inglorious o'er a Woman triumph;
Command me forth against the Rebel-Foe,
A Trumpet's Voice shall sound it in their Ear,
And my good Sword maintain it: But spare me, Sir,
Degrade not thus a Prince to Office vile,
Of giving Torture to the hapless Mother
In the distress'd Story of her Son.

Om. Dares then the Boy dispute when I command!
Phanes, instruct him better in his Duty,
Whilst we our self will haste to send the Queen. [*Ex. Om.*

Ses. Imperious Villain! Passion will have way,
My Sword shall streight his Insolence chastise,
Shall give me dear Revenge tho' Death insue—

(going out Sword in Hand, *Pha.* holds him.)

Mean you then *Phanes* to oppose your Prince?

Pha. Sir, on a Precipice I guard your Steps;
O, Sir, restrain these Sallies of your Youth,
Let not wild Passion in a sudden Gust,
Our well laid Scheme subvert, now our Design
Gives promise fair of prosp'rous Event.

Ses. All, all my Patience is exhausted *Phanes*,
And I no more the Counterfeit can play.

Pha. Bear with your Part till the approach of Night,
When as the Tyrant means to wed my Daughter.

Ses. Forbid such Contract Heav'n! what means my
Friend?

Pha. In this, He but advances our Design.

Ses. Blast all Designs that rob me of my Love.
If such the Terms, I strait renounce the Crown.

Pha. Sir you prevent my speech ———

Ses. Why tell me, *Phanes*,
Can ought compensate for the loss of her?

Pha.

Pha. I mean it not.

Ses. Proceed then at your Pleasure.

Pha. The sacred Temple is the chosen Place,
The Gods appoint to punish *Omar's* Crimes.
The Priests with us combin'd, have there conceal'd
A Band select of Friends, and at their Head
Dion, still faithful, found to lead 'em on:
There whilst the Tyrant least aware of Danger,
His Soul no thoughts admitting but of Joy,
In State appears to tie the solemn Knot,
He finds himself in other Bands secur'd.

Ses. The present Fears which now possess him all,
May for a while divert his thoughts from Love,
Said I from Love! That pure and Heav'nly Gue
Never inhabits an Abode so foul,
But chilling Fear may cool his heat of Blood,
Our favouring Minute this, delay brings Danger,
Time to Conspiracy is still a Foe,
T' assail the Tyrant now unman'd by Fear,
The Blow with ease is giv'n.

Pha. But scarcely safe;
The Tyger's Bloods dear bought, whose purchase cost
The Life of the brave Man who slew the Beast;
The Tyrant's Fall compleats but half our Wish,
Sesostris, Sir, must reign to make us blest,
Might my Advice ———

Ses. I dare not see the Queen.

Pha. Not to comply, tho' his Commands are harsh,
Makes frustrate all our Hopes, the Tyrant fierce,
When once resolv'd unmov'd, but ill would brook
To see his Will oppos'd. Oh! to what height
His stormy Soul with Disappointment swell'd,
Mine bear inrag'd Resentment! Your Life, my Lord—
But Safety and the Queen will come together.

Ses. Hard is the Duty which my Friend requires,
Hard to divert the Current of the Mind;
Of softest Mold has Nature form'd my Heart,
Each plaintive Sigh will deep Impression make,
But shou'd she weep, my sympathizing Soul
Her Grief will show in Tears, and they'll betray me.

Pha.

Pha. 'Tis what my Fears suggest, yet, Sir, reflect,
Compassion now will out of Season flow,
But seeming cruel, you'll be truly kind,
O steel your Breast, fatal's the Voice of Pity.

Ses. What can a Son? —

Pha. To save the Mother,
Forget to be a Son with threatening Eye.
Look Murder, and like *Omar's* stern your Voice,
With Art thy Story frame to win her Faith,
Fiction in Colours so like Truth disguise
That undistinguish'd she believe in Truth:
Ses *tr*is bleeding to her view present,
Show him with Head declin'd and visage wan,
Recount to her his Wounds, and how he fell;
Thy Death by her believ'd, thy Life preserves:
Let Caution guard each Action and each Word;
For Agent Spies may note 'em — Heark, Some One —
It is the Queen, and hither bend her Steps:
'Twere proper that you meet here alone. [Exit *Pha.*

Ses. Fatal I fear this Interview will prove,
Whence tremble thus my Limbs? why flag my Spirits?
My Tongue will falter varnishing the Falshood,
My Tender Eye will disavow the Tale —
Yet grant dissembling Artifice prevails,
She thinks me slain, can I unmov'd behold
Her flowing Tears, whilst she my Fate deplores,
See her by Passion torn, and wrung with Grief,
Forc'd on the Rack by me, me monstrous Son!
In Form a Man with Heart as Stone obdurate —
On Peril of my Life I must avoid her;
It is too late, O Gods, my Mother comes!
But to behold her were to move Compassion,
Such looks might soften th' Adamantine Heart;
Relentless Tyrant! yet ev'n I must strive,
By other Motives led to act the Tyrant too —
This once my Soul suppress each tender Passion,
And yield Discretion Rule — How shall I begin!

SCENE. V.

NITOCRIS, SESOSTRIS, MENES.

Nit. This State of Doubt, how racking to the Mind!
 I hold it better once to be resolv'd
 And know the worst, than feel it in my Fears;
 Produce me straight th' Explainer of my Doubts,
 My Soul impatient waits for the Solution.

Me. Demand it, Madam, of that Princely Stranger.

Nit. So young a Murderer! but he's *Omar's* Friend.
 Sir, I'm inform'd from you I may expect
 Important Tidings which concern my Son.

[To *Ses.*]

Ses. Madam ———

Nit. Speak free, to hear the worst I stand prepar'd,
 Stranger declare, how fares it with the Prince,
 My Son *Sesostris*? Must we weep or smile?

Ses. Ever displeased will the Bearer be
 Charg'd with a Tale of Sorrow; then spare, O Queen,
 My unwilling Tongue, and guess th' unwelcome Errand.

Nit. Asham'd to say he's dead, yet dare to kill him!
 Could'st thou consent to act so black a Crime?
 Thy Look, thy Voice, both should bespeak thee guiltless.

Ses. Fain would I not increase thy load of Grief,
 Submit with Patience and inquire no more.

Nit. Evade no more my Question, speak direct,
 Say, lives my Son, or is *Sesostris* dead?

Ses. Since thus compell'd, let this make answer for me,
 This Trophy of my Conquest,

[Giving his Sword]

Nit. O, all ye Gods!
 It is the same, the Sword I sent my Son,
 To wear in my Defence, and his own Honour:
 O fatal present! how did I fondly hope,
 Thoud'st give me glorious Proof *Sesostris* liv'd,
 When thou, O killing Sight! his Death confirm'd!

[Lets the Sword drop]

Where now are fled my long expected Joys,
 My hopes of Glory, and my promis'd Bliss?
 The Path to Happiness I had mark'd out,

And

O my *Sesosthis*! O my only Son!
 In thee I'd treasur'd up my hoard of Bliss:
 Of thee bereav'd, now am I poor indeed;
 Who now shall free me from the Tyrant's Pow'r,
 Save me from Violence now thou art gone?
Omar's Derision, and a mark of Scorn:
 Of Comfort, O my Soul, then think no more;
 Come lead me where his tender Body lies,
 That with my Tears I may wash clean his Wounds,
 Embrace his breathless Coarse, and die beside him.

[Weeping.]

Ses. My Heart will burst to see her longer thus [Aside.]
 O Queen, my Presence but augments thy Woe;
 The Cause remov'd, may give thee some Relief. [going.]

Nit. Yet e'er thou goest, O Youth of savage kind!
 For once be gentle, lend your Arm of Pity,
 Draw straight the Sword, (severe Remembrancer)
 Pierce quick my Breast, which heaves to meet the Point,
 And ease me of the Pain it gives my Heart.

Ses. Her Words go thro' me, horrible Request!
 Could I conceive I should deny her ought! [Aside.]

Nit. Nay turn not from me, yield unto my Prayer;
 Delay not, Sir, to give the healing Blow,
 But kindly send the Mother to the Son.

Ses. The Pain is too intense, and I must yield. [Aside.]

Nit. What, flush'd with Blood, and yet afraid to kill!
 I am mista'en, his Nature's still the same,
 He barbarous knows 'tis Mercy now to kill;
 And in forbearance, Cruelty does shew.

Ses. My anguish'd Soul will sink beneath the Torture;
 She shall have ease, for I can bear no more——

O my Heart! *Menes* withdraw, [Exit *Menes*.]

Madam behold—— [Kneeling] [Enter *Phanes*.]

Pha. This Instant, Sir, the King requires your Presence.

Ses. One Moment spare me, but one tender Word.

Pha. My Orders are express to lead you to him.

Ses. O cruel *Phanes*, you destroy my Mother. [going out.]

NITOCRIS sola.

Nit. Is Death a Boon too great for me to ask!
 To ease my Heart assist me then Revenge,

C

Thou

Thou ready Friend to Injuries and Wrongs.
 O when he trusted to my Hand the Sword,
 As Justice arm'd, I should have us'd my Pow'r;
 Him guilty punish'd, struck the Villain dead:
 But Grief had ta'en Possession of my Heart,
 Whilst all its other nobler Passions slept——
 I know not by what Art he charm'd my Soul,
 That at his Sight, I stiffen'd not with Horror;
 That Anger rose not when his Guilt appear'd,
 To fire my Breast and stimulate its Rage:
 Forgive me Son, tho' my Revenge be slow,
 The Current stopt a while does stronger flow,
 His Death's decreed t'p'ease thy Shade below.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SESOSTRIS.

Ses. **W**HAT Wretch so abject that could tamely bear,
 Th'oppressive weight of Wrongs I feel, impos'd
 By Baseness rais'd to Pow'r? Cloath'd with my Honours,
 The Crown my Father wore, he calls his own;
 Which to secure, my Mother she must bleed;
 Still more injurious, deeper still to wound,
 He now invades a dearer Right, my Love.
 Can I be longer calm, and see my Wrongs?
 But 'tis to *Phanes* that he owes his Life——
 He's here, and scarce can I refrain from chiding——

Enter PHANES.

Pha. My Mind impatient, Sir, requests to know
 The issue of your Conference with the Queen,

The King's approach prevented all inquiry.

Sef. *Phanes*, my Tongue has struck a Dagger in her.

Pha. My Fears conceiv'd you'd find her hard of Faith,
Unwilling to believe th'unwelcome News.

Sef. My Words at first yet doubting she receiv'd;
But when the Sword appear'd, it flash'd with Terror;
Fatal as when the dreadful Shield of *Pallas*
With dire Dismay confounded mortal Eye:
Agast a while, she stood as Marble speechless,
No longer doubted if her Son were slain,
Streaming with Tears her Eyes too sadly spoke,
The Pain she felt within, forgive me Heav'n!
If Grief can murder I have slain my Mother.

Pha. Your Conduct Sir, preserves your self, and her,
Short time shall stop the Current of her Tears;
Our Hopes grow hourly stronger; 'twere prudent, Sir,
Still to be near the King, 'twill gain upon him,
Keep far off Suspicion; nor must I seem
To share too much your Favour, and yet e'er Night
With open Voice I'll hail *Sesostri's* King,
Whilst you to *Omar*, Sir, I'll haste the wish'd for Hour.

Sef. May it be sudden, or it comes too late.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II.

ARIASPE, CLEANTHE.

Ari. As Infants void of Thought, we blindly act,
And in our Wishes seek out our own ill.
With what fond Longings heav'd my panting Breast,
But to behold the Object of my Love?
My Wish obtain'd, me more unhappy makes,
Alas my Friend; my Days are doom'd to Sorrow.

Cle. O say you awful Rulers of the World,
Why prospers Vice, why Vertue meets Misfortune?
What new Disquiet now distracts thy Peace?

Ari. I've seen the lovely Youth, ah me! I fear
To my undoing seen him.

Cle. He's not averse to Love.

Ari. O he is all a Virgin's Heart could wish!
Yet Wishes here are criminal and vain;
Base-born, his Blood corrupt.

Cle. What mean thy Words?

Ari. The Tyrant calls him Son, accursed Birth!

Cle. Descent should never from Desert detract,
His Vertues are his own, from Heav'n deriv'd;
But Strangers we to Nature's secret Laws,
Her Ways are various, and to us unknown:
When hidden Qualities we would explore,
Dark are our Reasonings, and our Search obscure;
The Prince and *Omar* view with equal Eye;
But small Resemblance in their Form appears,
Their Minds compare, how opposite their Byas!

Ari. Forbear, my Friend, to plead in his Behalf,
No Advocate he needs who has our Heart,——
But shall it yield to one of Tyrant Race?
On that I'll think, and if I can, will hate him——
Yet therefore hate the Youth that wrongs not me,
Enough is done, my Heart, if you forget him——
How! to forget what always fills my thoughts!
Passion prevails, and over Reason rules;
Thy Godhead Love I own, thy Pow'r confess,
Which all-victorious mocks my best Resolves.
In Angel-form appears this Tyrant-born,
Where'er I go, I meet him in my Paths,
And in my Dreams am kinder to him still;——
He's only faulty, that he's *Omar's* Son.

Cle. Misfortune call it, name it not a Crime.

Ari. Yet should my Father disapprove my Passion,
How warm Debate would Love and Duty raise!
But we'll retire, for *O Cleanthe!* know,
Tho' dear his Person, yet I dread his Pow'r;
Love bears the sole Dominion o'er my Heart,
Inspiring gentle Wishes, soft Desire;
Love in my Bosom lights up such a Fire,
As never will but with my Life expire.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

NITOCRIS PARABA.

Nit. Vain is the Confidence we place in Man!
 Wisdom my Friend from my Experience learn;
 Beware the Tongues of Men, with cautious Ear
 Suck in their Words, which fall like Honey-Drops,
 Sweet to the Sense, but are replete with Poison—
 Could thought suspect (my *Pharaba*) that they,
 The Rev'rend Seers, who fill the sacred Chair,
 Honour'd, and set apart for Rites Divine,
 Who come commission'd from the Court of Heav'n
 To lead Mankind into the Ways of Vertue,
 Should act like those who traffick with the World,
 And in their way deceive? The Priest, whose Lips
 With sacred Truth should flow, by soothing Speech
 Form'd to delude, yet please, abus'd my Faith,
 Gave me to hope once more for *Egypt's* Throne,
 And spake *Sesostri's* as my great Protector;
 Whilst he, alas poor Youth! lies helpless slain,
 And I in abject State am left to mourn—
 But what avail weak Tears, my Soul thirsts Blood;
 Shall Crimes of deepest Dye, shall Murder scape?

Par. Omar himself, tho' he the Deed approve,
 Well pleas'd might seem to make a Show of Justice,
 And with th' Assassins Death oblige the Croud.

Nit. To give me just Revenge, let him consent,
 His former Crimes shall be forgiv'n all,
 We'll sound the Tyrant.

[Enter Omar.]

SCENE IV.

OMAR, NITOCRIS, PARABA.

Om. This meeting suits our purpose, I'll urge it home;
 If obstinately mute compulsive means,
 The Force of Fire shall ply her Tongue to Utterance.

C. 3

Nit.

Exeunt.

E N E

Nit. *Omar* thou hast thy Wish, my Son's no more;
But if Compassion ever touch'd thy Breast,
If Nature gives thee of thy Mother ought,
Extend thy Pity to a Queen forlorn,
Whose Sorrows heavy Weight, compells her thus
To stoop an humble Suitor for thy Favour.

Om. Be sure that thy Request be well advis'd.

Nit. Justice is all I crave, grant Life for Life;
The Villain's Blood I ask who shed my Son's.

Om. Can no Atonement less than Death suffice?

Nit. 'Tis Death alone will satisfy my Soul;
O let the Murd'rer die, and I'll forget
Complaint; nor shall my Wrongs upbraid thee more.

Om. By Ignorance misled you ask amiss,
Know you the Worth of him whose Blood you seek?

Nit. It is Worth! the Villain's Name ne'er reach'd my
Ear,

Nor from what Race the savage Monster Springs;
This only know I, he hath slain my Son.

Om. And must I therefore sacrifice my own?

Nit. Your Son the Murd'rer of my *Sesostris*!

Om. In Combat vanquish'd your *Sesostris* tell,
My Son an Honourable Conqueror.—

Yet in Compassion of a Mother's Pain,
From us this Token of our Favour take;
From all Restraint your Person we discharge,
Within our Court, or elsewhere in our Realms,
As likes you best, be free to make Abode;
But these the Terms, that you Discov'ry make,
Of the bold Rebel that disturbs our Peace:
This Factious *Dion*, bring him forth to light,
Dare but to mock our Will, thy Life's the Forfeit:
One Hour's short Space we give thee for Reply.

[Exit *Omar*,

Nit. And must we, *Paraba*, then bow our Neck
Beneath the tread of this imperious Man?
Creep like a Slave, and tremble at his Frown?
Shall Majesty her State forget, and stoop,
To ought but Heav'n! Look down ye righteous Gods,
Behold my Wrongs, and pour your Vengeance down;

Point

Point your swift Lightnings 'gainst the curs'd Oppressor
And let your Arm omnipotent be my Guard.

Par. To *Thebes*, or *Sais*, hence let us away;
Loyal in Heart still in their Choice you reign,
If they th' Abettors of you Cause protect,
And shield our Friends, what will they not for you?

Nit. Tho' firm to us our People's Love remain,
Oppression's Iron-hand has broke their Pow'r,
With grasp tenacious seiz'd their coffer'd Treasure;
Their Chiefs confin'd, or by the Sword cut off,
And once their loss in my *Sesostris* known,
(The Master-Root from whence their Courage springs)
The willing Spirit which in them appears,
Will sudden vanish, and to ask their Aid,

To us were fruitless, to our Friends destructive——
There is no way, since Heav'n with-holds its Thunder,
And Earthly Pow'r's too weak, we must submit;
But not alone we'll fall, we'll fall reveng'd:
The Murd'rer shall not triumph in his Guilt;
Still o'er my Country I've a Mother's Care,
And this Right Arm shall give our Wrongs Redress.

Par. Ill-boding are the Fears your Words awake,
Designs with Danger fraught your Mind conceives.

Nit. No Place shall hold him safe, no Pow'r protect him;
And for the Means——I have 'em in my thoughts.

SCENE V.

NITOCRIS, ARIASPE, PARABA.

But see *Ariaspe* opportunely comes,
My Soul perceives th' influence of her Presence,
More lightly moves, O she will aid my Cause,
She too's concern'd, and suffers in my Loss. [*En. Ariaspe.*]

Ari. To you, O Queen, I fly imploring help;
Lend me Advice, and save me by your Pow'r.

Nit. Who could behold such Innocence, and harm her!
The wild Inhabitant that haunts the Wood,
By Nature fierce would gently fawn on thee;
Sure none but *Omar* could such Sweetness wrong.

Ari. You speak the Man, but 'tis his Love I dread,
His Love to me more cruel than his Hate,
This Night compels me to his Bed a Bride.

Nit. And you would fly from his abhorr'd Embrace?

Ari. Flies not the harmless Dove the Bird of Prey?
Or couples with the dreaded Wolf the Lamb?

Like your's, my Heart detests the Tyrant's Offer;

My Father too approv'd my just Disdain,

But chang'd his Mind, on great Designs intent,

His Pow'r Paternal, now commands my Duty:

T' attend the Tyrant at the Holy Altar.

This cruel Meeting teach me to avoid;

O show the way, the fatal Hour draws near.

Nit. Thy Courage summon to pursue my Steps;

Together will we tread the Paths of Honour:

Defy the Tyrant, and condemn his Frown;

Dare but to join with me.

Ari. Mistrust me not:

Lead on 'till Death obstruct us in our Way;

Dauntless that King of Terrors will I meet,

Rather than this Mock-King on Terms of Love;

Speak gracious Queen, the Part that you assign me.

Nit. How near unto my Heart *Ariasse* grows,

My Love has show'd, which chose thee at my own,

Meant to have mix'd my Royal Blood with thine;

By Nuptial League betwixt my Son and thee:

The pleasing Prospect fill'd my Soul with Pleasure:

The Scenes of Joy that open'd to my view,

Gave me new Youth, and made me share your Loves,

But 'twas a Dream, and I awake to Sorrows—

My Son, on whose return my Hopes were built,

By curs'd Hand from me, from Life's cut off;

Thy Aid it is I ask for my Revenge,

Shou'd my Arm fail to reach the Murderer's Heart,

Be thine prepar'd to lend a second Blow. [*gives a Dagger.*]

Ari. Point me the Villain, and my Friendship prove.

Nit. It is the Tyrant's Son.

Ari. The Tyrant's Son!

[*drops the Dagger.*]

What do I hear! [*aside*] Say you the Son of Omar?

Nit. The same, and he himself avows the Fact.

Ari.

Royalty in Disguise.

Ari. Or it had gain'd no Credit, for who could charge
With Crimes a Front like his, where Guilt looks lovely,
But 'tis his Blood you seek.

Nit. Justice demands it!
The Voice of Nature prompts me to Revenge,
And love should dictate to your Heart the same.

Ari. Alas she knows not how it burns for him! [*Aside.*]

Nit. Your Sighs declare that Resolution staggers;
And well I know thy tenderness of Soul:
To draw the Sword if Courage therefore fail,
A slighter Favour then shall give Content;
Be it your Care to lead him here to slaughter,
And leave the Stroke of Justice to my Hand.

Ari. O Queen, reflect before you give the Blow,
What dire Effects from such rash Act may follow,
Lest when 'tis past, Repentance comes to late.

What shall I say to save him! [*Aside.*]

Nit. She seems concern'd. [*Aside.*]

No more your Reasons, or your wise Advice,
Your Words awake Suspicion in my Breast,
On thee no longer will my Faith rely,
Thy Promise I give up; but O beware,
You lose your Tongue to give my Secret vent,
My vow'd Revenge should Disappointment meet,
I hold you as the Cause, as one combin'd
With bloody *Omar*, and his Son against me;
Thy Father too shou'd smart beneath my Fury,
Think on't whilst I the ravenous Beast pursue,
That tears from me my Young. [*Exit Nit.*]

Ari. Grief hurts her Brain,
Assist me quick Invention to preserve,
The Youth my Soul holds dear, I'll venture all—
Her Rage impetuous gives no time for thought,
When high the Storm 'tis time to seek for Shelter.

[*Running off.*] [*Ent. Sef.*]

Sef. See like the timorous Deer at Sight of Man,
She flies, surpriz'd at my Approach she flies;
O stay my Fairest, bless me with thy Presence,
No Serpent here, no Monster haunt these Walks,

Thou

Ari.

Thou hearst the Voice of Honour and of Love.

[Ari. returns.]

Ari. Not from, but tow'nds you, Sir, I meant my Flight.

Ses. Trust me, I fear'd my Person gave Offence.

I find my self then happy by mistake:

But speak *Ariaspe* freely thy Commands,

My Heart shall shew its dutiful Obedience.

Ari. Concern and Pity for the Son of *Oman*,
Gave Wings into my Feet, t'acquaint your Ear,
With Matters which affect your Princely Person.

Ses. 'Tis to be blest whilst worthy of thy Care.

Ari. What asks dispatch admits not of a Preface;
Each Moment, Sir, you hold your Life precarious.

Ses. O haste to say from whence the Danger comes,
Who spun the Thread on which depends my Fate.

Ari. You'd scarce suspect, my Lord, the Widow'd Queen?

Ses. Danger from her! *Pharnazes'* Widow'd Queen!
Alas the helpless Woman, vain Attempt!

Ari. Despise not, Sir, the Weakness of her Sex,
Inflam'd by fierce Revenge, she out-dares Man,
Knows not to fear; within her Bosom wears
The pointed Steel; and in unguarded Hour,
Tho' weak her Arm, she may surprize your Strength,
Youth suffers oft in Confidence of Manhood.

Ses. She moves my Pity, but she gives no Fear.

Ari. Oh too incredulous, and of Life neglectful,
I only wish thee to preserve thy self:
Farewel my Lord, but think upon my Caution. [Going.]

Ses. Yet stay, kind Maid, my Heart would plead its
Cause.

Ari. Of Self-denial how severe a Proof!

I dare not hear him. [Aside.] Let my Words prevail,
Prevent Revenge by keeping watchful Guard,
Howe'er remiss he prove, I'll close observe her. [Ex. Ari.]

Ses. So sudden gone! yet seems to mean me well—
Now let me think—Death by a Mother's Hand!—

Phanes, behold th' Effect of thy Advice,
Too far thy Counsel o'er my Youth prevail'd,
Thro' me my Mother wanders in Mistake,

Fatal

Fatal I fear this Labyrinth of Error,
 With Grief bewilder'd, in the Maze she's lost,
 No Counterfeit in me her Eye discerns—
 'Tis Fancy gives us Pleasure, gives us Pain,
 And Heav'n and Hell are seated in the Mind—
 Granted the Tyrant fail, and in his room
 The vacant Throne I fill; O still Content
 A Stranger here would be, to me depriv'd
 The Blessings of that Life, which gave me mine;
 Her Life cut off by Grief, Grief caus'd by me.
 Imperial State, how bounded is thy Pow'r!
 What could'st thou give me for a Life so dear?
 Thy Dictates Nature then will I obey,
 A Mother's Satety shall my Care employ,
 I'll streight reveal my self, and give her Ease,
 But for the means most proper. *[In thoughtful Posture.]*

S C E N E V.

SESOSTRIS, NITOCRIS *arm'd*, ARIASPE *behind her*.

Nit. Thus far I'm Right,
 It happens to my Wish, he's here alone;
 This once Revenge support my Retolution—
 I'll steal upon Him.

Ari. She makes me tremble.

Nit. One Blow may reach his Heart *[draws the Dagger.]*

Ari. Assist me Vertue, help me Love.

[Ent. Om. Pha. Guards.]

Nit. This for *Sesostris'* sake.

[Attempting to strike, Ari. disarms her.]

Om. Amazement, Daggers! halte we to Assistance.
 Heroick Action! see disarm'd the Fury.

Ses. O Heav'ns! O Horror! 'twas my Mother's Arm,
 Dangerous M stake!

Nit. Perfidious Maid.

Om. Exalted Goodness, but accursed Thou, *[To Nit.]*
 What wild Distraction thus provokes thy Hand;
 Darest thou to wound me in a part so tender?

Nit. It Omar's Heart thus sensible is grown,
 When Danger's only threaten'd to his Son;

How

How sorely then shall I abide the loss
Of all my Children, Tyrant, slain by thee?
Be thou the Judge, and dread the Doom that waits thee;
Tremble to think how far my Spirit dares:
Whilst Life remains, Revenge shall close pursue thee;
When dead, my Ghost disturb'd, shall rise with Terror,
With horrid ghastly Forms distract thy Slumbers;
Thy Sense confound, whilst all dissolv'd with Fear,
Thy Crimes shall rise to view and blast thy Soul.

Om. Frantick she raves to see Revenge defeated:
Phanes thou saw'st her Guilt, the Ponyard drawn,
Her Arm uprear'd, and the descending Blow:
Without delay some Punishment devise,
To match her Crime, be exquisitely cruel;
'Tis you I leave the manner of her Death;
But see it certain.

Nit. The Tyrant trembles still;
With Horror Death appears to guilty Souls,
Tho' but in Fancy drawn.

Om. Hence from our Presence with this hateful Object,
See she no more disturb us.

Pha. Madam my Orders. [Laying hold of her.]

Nit. *Phanes* lead on, I'll welcome Death my Friend,
Who wafts my Soul to Regions of the blest;
The happy Country where eternal Rest
With Joy sits crown'd, and Sorrow finds no room;
To that fair Place no cursed Tyrants come:
Then I no more shall feel the weight of Care,
No longer know the Torture of Despair,
But with *Sesostris* reign for ever there.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SESOSTRIS.

HOW vast my Debt to Heav'n, whose Providence
By means unsearchable protects my Life!
Whose was the Hand, O Gods, that threaten'd Death!
Whose was the Hand, O Gods, that sav'd me from it!
Then what restrain'd the Tyrant in his Wrath,
Whose Soul in Blood and Cruelty delights,
From giving up the Queen to instant Death!
Yet fears my Heart, lest Grief in the extreme
Force her the Laws of Nature to invert,
And with her own Hand cut the Thread of Life;
I'll seek her out, and save her from herself.

SCENE II.

OMAR, SESOSTRIS, Guards.

Om. So deep in thought! lurks there still further Danger?

Ses. My late Deliverance, Sir, employ'd my Mind,
Wondrous was the Blessing, marvellous th' Escape.

Om. But say my Son, what bring'st thou of the Queen?
Has Phanes by her Death thy Life secur'd?

Ses. Whether your Orders are obey'd my Lord—
But Phanes comes, his Answer solves our Doubts.

[Enter Phanes.]

Om. Well trusty Friend, the desp'rate Queen's no more.
How did her Soul receive the fatal Stroke?

Pha. Forgive me, Sir, if once I disobey'd
Your Royal Orders.

Om. Not executed, Phanes?

Pha.

Pha. A while, my Lord, I staid to sound your Mind;
When Passions sudden Flood should sink away,
Your calmer Reason might perhaps incline
To spare her Life.

Om. How! shall the Fury live?
Live to pursue, perchance compleat the Blow?
While Life remains she'll meditate Revenge.

Pha. Impotent is Rage, and Perfidy but vain,
When just Suspicion marks the Breast they're lodg'd in:
'Tis own'd, so bold Attempt, an Act so rash,
Declares her Soul embitter'd with Revenge;
But since her Meaning's by her Deeds explain'd,
Her daring Hand shall be disarm'd of Death,
We'll frustrate all Designs that Rage may form.

Om. Yet in her Death I hold her more secure.

Pha. Her Life, my Lord, will benefit us more;
When leagu'd Conspiracy, and Civil Broils
(Which thro' your Course of Rule) have oft disturb'd
The Kingdom's Peace, caus'd Majesty to shake,
The Person of the Queen stood your Support;
Lest crush'd she fell beneath your pond'rous Ruins,
E'er now consuming Flames had lain in heaps
This beauteous Pile, had not the biggot-People
Esteem'd it sacred, whilst it held the Queen:
Yet should your Wisdom find it meet she die,
Expedient first it seems to quell the Rage,
To still the present Clamours of the Crowd;
Discover first Rebellion's Hydra head,
Then undisturb'd by Fears, pursue at Pleasure
The settled purpose of your Royal Will.

Om. Phanes our self, and Son are in thy Hands;
Consider of what high import the Trust.

Pha. I pledge my Life, my gracious Lord to keep it.
[Exit Phanes.]

Ses. The Heav'nly Sight! O gently heave my Breast,
And if thou canst, my busie Heart lie still.

[Seeing Ariaspe, She enters.]
Om. O let me fly, and hold in dear Embrace
Th' heroick Maid, my fair engaging Friend.
How had this joyous Day been overcast,

With

With Mournings Cloud, had not thy loving Care,
Thy timely Courage, interpos'd to cheer us!
For such thy Care, such Goodness to us shown,
E'en Royal Pow'r might in Returns fall short;
Son, as befits thee, thank thy fair Deliverer,
Whilst we give Orders for our Nuptial Rites;
The Crown bestow'd, but meanly pays thy Merit:

[Exit Omar, &c.]

Ses. How to approach thee, my preserving Angel,
Whom Heav'n all-gracious, as my Guardian sends;
More grateful Sense my Soul in secret bears,
Of favour thus unmerited by me,
Than lies within the Pow'r of Words to reach.
O kind *Ariaspe*, thou hast giv'n me Life,
With Pleasure will I wear it out to serve thee:
Yet say, Celestial Maid, what Fellow-Angel
To thee gave Warning of my threaten'd Danger.

Ari. The Queen, who to my Breast commits her
Thoughts,

By whose indulgent Promise to me made,
Sesistis, as my Lord, was in my Claim,
Had not, rash Youth, your Hand bereav'd us of him.
The Queen her self confiding in my Faith,
Assistance seeking from my friendly Hand,
Without Reserve declar'd her dread Resolves.
Struck with Abhorrence, and by Pity mov'd
For thee, through Friendship's sacred Laws I broke,
For thee betray'd my Mistress and my Friend.

Ses. Sweet Gift of Nature, Tenderness of Heart,
Thy Sex adorning, giving Beauty Charms,
Wisely has *Omar* made his Choice in thee,
Whose grateful Breast such soft Compassion fills,
The Scepter he confers, and in Return,
Thou for the Giver's sake preserv'st his Son.

Ari. Had not my Soul by other Cause been mov'd,
O most severe thy Fate! e'en I my self
Had stood Assistant to the Queen's Revenge;
Not *Omar*'s Offer'd Crown had bought thy Life.

Ses. So unconcern'd t' ascend the Seat of Pow'r,
Thou speak'st as if 'twere scarcely worth Acceptance.

Ari.

Ari. Gifts, when on Terms we disapprove, conferr'd,
Meet cold Reception, hardly merit Thanks.
Disown'd'st the Favour, where the Present's fore'd —
Mistake me not, Imperial State, my Soul
Vows not desiring, nor with Eye of Scorn,
Powerful's the Scepter'd Hand, but then the King —
O rather may I live a flighted Maid,
Than reign his Queen —

But whither roves my Tongue?
Forgetful, Sir, that you are *Omar's* Son.

Ses. Speak on sweet Charmer, doubly bless my Soul
With Sense and Harmony.

Ari. Most gracious Prince,
Since you vouchsafe to lend me friendly Ear,
If for thy Life preserv'd, thy sacred Life
I merit ought, with Favour hear my Suit,
Grant the Petition of a Maid distress'd.

Ses. O task my Pow'r, my Will is wholly thine.

Ari. Haste to the King, on bended Knee implore,
(Who could deny a Son like Thee his Prey?)
That he'd reserve the Honours he designs me;
From me beseech him to divert his Thoughts,
Upon some Object of more equal State,
Shew him our Hearts were never form'd to part,
Try all thy Skill to break the Bonds he threatens,
Thy Life I've sav'd, and the Return is just,
That Thou save mine.

Ses. So strong Aversion tow'rds him!

Ari. Be Banishment my Fate, my Lot Confinement,
These tender Limbs let Chains oppressive load,
Less painful will they prove than Wedlock's Bands.

Ses. Fear not soft Innocence, or thy Breast alarm,
With dreadful Images which Fancy forms,
Existing only there, Chymæras all,
Thee, worthy Maid, the Gods will not afflict
With Nuptials, which thy Nature most abhors,
From them commission'd am I sent to break 'em,
Believe me fair One, granting thy Request.
My self I most befriend, ev'n Int'rest pleads
For Thee, and in thy Cause my Heart's a Party;

Dare to rely upon our Princely Word,
Never shall *Omar*, *Arioppe* wed.

Ari. O: all thy Words prevail upon my Faith;
Whisp'ring sweet Comfort to my pensive Breast,
May then thy Pow'r in my Behalt succeed,
That Crowns may never press my humble Brow,
Nor I be sunk beneath the Load of Greatness,
But far from Court, from *Omar* far be driv'n,
Then whilst secreted in my wish'd Retreat,
I'm lost to Glory, Pomp and purpl'd State,
Throughout each Year one Day should noted stand,
Sacred to thee a Festival of Thanks;
That Day my neighbouring Villager should cease
His wonted Task, and eat unearned Bread,
The jocund Swain in Holyday Attire
Made fine, with artless Speech by Nature taught
 wooing the Silvan Maid, thrice happy Pair!
To chearful Sounds should sprightly tread the Green;
Sports free from Guilt should joyful make the Day
And Care beguiling Mirth around us reign,
Thy Name the Burden of our labour'd Song.

Ses. Let foul Disease be to the Desert sent,
And loath'd Deformity forbid our Sight,
But Thou —

In vain were wrought the accomplish'd Work of Heav'n;
Should such Perfection to the World be lost.
Wherefore that Brightness in yon Heav'nly Orb,
If not ordain'd to run a glorious Course?
Thou Nature's finish'd Piece, our Country's Boast,
Transcendent fair, art form'd to be ador'd,
If Age at Sight of Thee be warm'd to Love,
How must thy Beauties fire my youthful Prime!
Behold in me the Rival of the King;
What dares not pow'rful Love! O gentle Maid
Smile on thy Conquest and approve my Flame,
Whilst *Omar* lordly with his Pow'r affrights Thee,
Fly to these Arms, these Arms by you so bless'd,
Shall in return protect You.

Ari. O! Sir, reflect,
 Let not the impelling Fire of youthful Blood
 To Dangers drive you, whence not all my Care;
 My willing Care can extricate thy Life,
 How will the King, the wrathful Father, brook
 A Son presuming to obstruct his Love?

Ses. He not deserves the Fair, whose Heart not dares
 T' avow his Love, nought but thy Frowns I fear;
 Aid with thy favouring With my just Designs,
 Success shall sure attend to bleſs our Hopes,
 From all thy Fears this Night shall set thee free,
 And Honour's Crown ſit lovely on thy Head:
 But our brave Enterprize brooks no Delay,
 Breaks on my preſent Blifs, from thee compels me,
 Till my Return ſpeak Peace unto thy Breſt,

O *Ariaſpe!* know my Fate and thine are one.

[Exit *Sesoftrii.*

Ari. Various the Motions that a Lover feels,
 With Hope now ſanguine, now depreſs'd with Fear,
 On the ſmooth Surface of the liquid Plain
 Advent'rous Love makes ſail and plows the Main,
 Soothing his Wiſh awhile the Winds blow fair,
 And in his Thoughts the golden Coaſt draws near,
 Yet e'er the Port he reach, black Storms ariſe,
 To Mountains ſwell the Waves, and daſh the Skies.
 Deſpair takes Place and in the Tempeſt toſt,
 Bulg'd is the Bark and all his Treafure loſt.

[Going off.

My Friend in haſte, with Buſineſs on her Brow!

[Ent. *Cleanthe.*

Cle. O *Ariaſpe!*

Ari. What means thy ſtrange Surprize?

Cle. Madam, the aged Man whom Chance this Morn
 Caſt in our way, oppreſs'd beneath his Wounds,
 And by your Pity ſav'd —

Ari. Purſue your Story.

Cle. Supported by the Hand your pious Care
 Provided for Relief with feeble Steps
 H'as reach'd the Court, I met him in my way.

Ari. Ex-

Royalty in Disguise!

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Ari. Explain his Purpose, wherefore hither come?

Cle. Of me he ask'd the means to see Lord Phanes.

Ari. My Father! but speak his Business with him.

Cle. My Lord your Father by the King's Command,
With utmost Splendor now adorns the Temple,
And to the Guard has giv'n in strictest Charge,
That none howe'er importunate should enter.
Of this inform'd, to me he makes Petition,
(Knowing your pow'r, and having felt your Goodness)
That You'd permit him to approach your presence.

Ari. Alas poor Man! what succour can I give,
Who to my Self am helpless?

Cle. 'Tis his Desire,
Most humbly does he pray, that thro' your Pow'r
He find immediate Audience of the King,
To whom alone he means to break his Business,
Which as by Question from him I collect,
Is much of Moment, and most high Concern,
Relating to the King, and to his Son,
Danger and Death denounc'd were in his Words.

Ari. His Son! when will thy Stars Dear Prince have
shed

Disastrous Influence! when thee behold
Auspicious in their Aspect? restless thy Foe,
With hate implacable pursues Thee still,
Still meditates new Mischief 'gainst thy Life,
If Care, a Lover's Care could oft avail,
Amidst ten thousand Dangers Thou w'ert safe,
More for my Love, than for my Life I dare,
Whom most my Heart abhors, the King I'll meet,
What Nature has deny'd my Love confers,
With martial Fire I feel my Blood grow warm,
My Hero's Presence fills me with his Spirit,
With him I'd share the Dangers of the Field,
My Arm his Champion, and my Breast his Shield.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

NITOCRES *Solo*,

Nit. Hard the Condition of a Wretch confin'd!
 What freeborn Mind, ye Moralists, would bear
 This Load of Life from Liberty debarr'd?
 'Tis Grief to think on't, and the Choice more wise
 To cease from Life than breathe a Life in pain.——
 Bounded within the Circuit of these Walls,
 I mourn a Prisoner, and my Jailor curse,
 More grievous far to me these Rooms of State,
 Than noisom Dungeons to some meaner Wretch,
 Fetters when link'd with Gold more weighty are
 Than those of Baser Metal——alas my Soul's
 Imprison'd too, in Chains Corporeal held,
 Yet wherefore held? when in my Will it rests
 To set them both at large——it shall be so——

[Enter Seso.]

To all Confinement Death gives sure Discharge.

Ses. 'Tis what me Fears divin'd, but to prevent Her
 Occasion favour to my pious Duty—— [Shews himself]

Nit. How's this! a Visit from my Son's Destroyer!
 Audacious Guilt! yet seems it wondrous strange!

The Sight of him presents unto my Mind
 The living Person of my Royal Lord.
 Instruct me, Gods! why doth a Villain bear
 So near Resemblance to his goodly Person?

[Aside.]

Is it not then allow'd me to indulge
 Grief undisturb'd? Oh barbarous Insult!
 Compassion to the vile Dissembler wears
 To mock my Sorrows, aggravate my Woes.
 Hence bold Intruder, nor provoke my Fury.

Ses. To save thy Life, regardless of my own,
 I come Physician to thy wounded Soul,
 Thy Woe to bid thee cease, forget thy Sorrows,
 With fruitless tears no longer mourn thy Son.

Nit. Darest thou presume to dictate to my Soul,
 Prescribe me Comfort and assuage my Pain,
 Thou Source of all my Woe? most insolent!

To slay my Son, then wish me not lament Him——
And must I bear all this, ye partial Gods;
Villain, beware the Madness you excite,
Avaunt my Foe; with Scorpions lash him hence
Ye Infernal Furies.

Ses. O spare the Innocent!

Behold me bending to obtain thy Blessing,
Shall Duty thus imploring meet your Curse? [kneeling.]
O Royal Mourner, O my Mother hear me,
It is thy Son, thy own *Sesostris* speaks.

Nit. My Son! his Tongue talks frantick, and his Brain
Dark Madness holds, the Gods are upright then.

Sesostris!

Ses. Sure Nature should by Instinct call me so,
This Sword (by *Dion* brought) thy princely Present,
My Father's Sword deceiv'd Thee.

Nit. Deceiv'd me!

Ses. Why I'm conceal'd, some freer Hour shall tell,
I dare no more, in secret be thy Joy—— [Ex. *Sesof.*

Nit. Whate'er thou art, O stay, one Moment stay,
It is Illusion and the Phantom's vanish'd,
Am I awake!

Was it not He! the Wretch that slew my Son!
Yet me he Mother call'd, himself *Sesostris*,
And in his Voice I heard *Pharnaxes* speak;
O 'twas my Son, my Eyes are open now,
Distinctly to discern his Father in him,
My leaping Heart with Pleasure owns him mine,
It was *Sesostris*, and I feel him here,
Feel Hope enkindling Gladness in my Breast;
Keep Guard my Tongue, nor in my Look be seen,
The Pleasure which my Soul perceives within,
All hush'd be Joy, nor brighten in my Eyes,
Still veil 'em Sorrow with thy dark Disguise.
So Clouds obscure a while the Sun's bright Ray,
But still he shines, and Glorious brings the Day.



ACT V. SCENE I.

OMAR, NITOCRIS, MANES, GUARDS.

Om. **T**O Phanes haste, give him to understand,
That in the Temple he our Presence wait——
[Exit Manes, *side.*]

Command *Ariaspe* to attend us here——

Thou once a Queen, whom Heaven incens'd has left
To languish in Despair, and that Thou liv'st
Is of our Royal Grace, thy Life our Gift,
Yet further still our Favour might extend.——

Nit. Thy Favour, Tyrant, know that I disdain,
Alike to me thy Good, or Evil Will,
Of both regardless, for my Soul's above Thee.

Om. Weak, foolish Woman, vain with empty Title,
Our Pow'r shall break thy restiff haughty Mind,
And in that Part, most sensible, shall pain Thee.
How will it rack Thee to behold the Crown
With dazl'd Eye, resplendent circle round
That Head, which us'd to bow to thee in Homage,
Superior now, commanding thy Submission?
Yes, e'er thou dy'st, a Mistress I'll set o'er thee,
Whose supercilious Brow shall to her Pleasure
Thy Duty awe, howe'er thy Will repugnant,
And by Commands most trifling gall thy Patience,
Still urging that, to which thou'rt most averse,
Woman to Woman is the worst Tormentor.

Nit. Bear yet a little longer, O my Soul!
Th' insulting Taunts of his provoking Tongue.

Om. No, Let thy proud Heart swell to disappoint
My vow'd Intent, until it rend with Passion——
But see my Beauteous Bride, the matchless Fair,
O She will prove a Mistress much too kind,
For She's all-gentle and compos'd of Sweetness——

[Exit

Royalty in Disguise.

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Enter ARIASPE.

She comes upon me with as soft an Air
As Summer Gales o'er-smoothing Ocean's Brow ————
[*Aside.*

Howe'er disturb'd my Breast, at thy Approach,
Touch'd by thy Presence, still 'tis calm'd to Peace,
O when thy Father gives Thee to my Hand,
He gives me more than Empire's Self can boast,
Haste then my Soul t' insure thy blissful Treasure.
No more this Coyness thou too bashful Maid,
With Eyes consenting kindly welcome Love,
Thy Father and the Priest now wait our coming;
Alas, Thou seem'st afraid ———— [Taking her hand.

Ari. O Sir yet stay;
Suspend a while such Thoughts, and give me hearing,
A Subject more of Weight demands attention.

Om. Impossible! Momentous as my Love!

Ari. Your Life, your Son's both are my Lord in Danger.

Om. Hah! Whence, declare thou faithful Monitor.

Ari. In secret is the deadly Mischief form'd.

Om. Th' Offspring of her Brain conceiv'd by Malice ————
[Pointing to Nitocris.

Ari. From me conceal'd 'tis hid, but see my Lord ————
[Ammon enters,

This aged Man by Loss of Blood far spent,
Barely he lives, and wishes only Life
But to reveal it.

Om. Hah! or in my Eye
Deception lies, or Ammon 'tis I see.

Am. Thy faithful Servant, ever Royal Master.

Om. I deem'd thee dead, for so Report this Morn
Had given it out, what meant the foul Abuse?

Am. Well their Conjecture might suppose me dead,
Who chanc'd to see me on the Ground out-stretch'd,
Lie speechless, gasping, to appearance dying,
And certain Death had soon my Portion been,
Had not Heav'n timely sent this succouring Hand ————
[To Ariaspe.

Which rais'd me up to stand before your Presence.

Om. Say *Ammon*, whence the inhuman Treatment came,

Our Soulresents thy Wrongs, speak straight the Villain.

Am. Alas! my Lord to me he is unknown,
The Wounds I bear, are but his least Offence;
O more destructive far the Traytor's Sword,
Your Self my Lord will feel the deepest Wound.

Om. What mean thy Words?

Am. O Sir, He's slain your Son.

Om. More wondrous still, but that I know thee well,
Old Man I should believe thy Sense diseas'd,
The Pain thy Body feels affects thy Mind;
My Son! ev'n now we commun'd with the Prince
Vig'rous, and high in Health, Mistake misleads thee,

Am. 'Twas said that I was dead, behold I live,
The Prince you speak alive is truly dead.

Om. Deceit with Colours false o'er Age prevails.

Am. Perfect my Sense, and Truth is in my Words,
My Royal Mistress, now no more my Queen,
Gave me in Charge with her expiring Breath,
To bear unto you, Sir, her tend'rest Wishes,
Committing to my Care the Prince your Son,
That with his Presence he might bless your Years,
When as this Morn the Palace-Walls we reach'd,
A trayt'rous Vil'ain in the Way beset us,
With Sword advanc'd declar'd his curs'd Intent,
To guard my Royal Pledge I straight oppos'd him,
But feeble are the Efforts of old Age,
My best Attempts his stronger Arm made vain,
Whilst his swift Blade was ting'd all o'er with Blood
The Prince behav'd, as well became his Birth,
Till Chance sent fatal the unguarded Blow,
Which pierc'd his Heart and laid him dead beside me.

Om. How! my Son! I'm in Amazement lost.

Am. The horrid Deed perform'd, still breathing Blood,
In treasonous Terms he curs'd your Royal Person,
Then tow'rd's the Palace bent his hasty Steps,
His Mind intent on some accurs'd Design,
Beware Surprise nor think my Caution vain.

Om. Th' Adventure *Ammon* you relate confounds me.

What

What to believe, or whom distrust uncertain,
I wander compass'd in a Maze of Doubts.

[Enter *Sef.* seeing *Ammon* startle is surpris'd.]

Sef. *Ammon* new-ris'n to Life! Return'd from Death!
From whose Dominions never Man arriv'd!
That may not be—we thought him dead too soon
Somelittle glimm'ring Spark which lay conceal'd,
Has kindl'd up the Fire of Life again;
Tho' old, perchance his Mem'ry may hold me,
The News he brings, we'll cautious learn at Distance——

[*Withdrawing.*]

Om. In serious Self-Debate, and then retiring,
Some one recal the Prince——It shews amiss——

[*Sef.* returns.]

Draw nearer, Sir, and lend us all your Cunning,
To clear some Doubts which much perplex our Mind:
But first behold this piteous Object here.
This poor old Man, know you him thus disfigur'd?

Sef. What's to be done——

[*aside.*]

Om. He seems confounded——

[*aside.*]

Ammon view well this Youth, is't not my Son?

Am. Your Son my Lord! Gods I have liv'd enough!
It is the Villain that has robb'd us of him;
His Murd'rer I see, too well I know him.

Nit. Then am I lost indeed, O cruel Chance!
His Fate's inevitable——

[*aside.*]

Ar. What have I done?

[*aside.*]

Am. Nay doubt me not, ne'er will my Mind forget
him,

How crimson'd o'er with my poor Master's Blood,
He Ruffian-like his Person bately rifl'd,
From us the Pledges of our Message stole,
The Bracelet, Rings, and Letter of the Queen.

Om. His Charge is just, what he asserts he proves.

Am. My Soul's o'erjoy'd, contented shall I die.
Let but the Traytor answer for his Crimes,
And with his Blood atone for that he's shed.

Om. Thou shalt be satisfy'd—— What sayst thou
Sir?

Accus'd thou standst as Murd'rer of my Son?

Sef.

Ses. Tyrant I own, and glory in the Fact,
In sparing thee, Shame chides my tardy Hand,
Which e'er I fall, thus wipes off foul Reproach.

[*draws on Omar, who runs behind Ariaspe.*]

Om. Secure th' Impostor, seize the Villain Guards.

Ses. Traytors 'tis false, in me behold *Sesostris*,
And learn to know your Master.—

[*Guards disarm him.*]

Nit. What means base Men, this Violence to your
Prince?

It is my Son, the great *Pharnazes* Heir.

Om. They know their Duty nor regard thy Ravings.

Nit. Lend your Assistance Heav'n, Justice ye Gods!

Om. That shall he soon receive. The just Reward
For Treason due, Fate's Minister shall give.

Ses. Heav'n wills my Death, and I deserve my Doom.

Not that I meant to take the Tyrant's Life,
O great the Thought, and the Design most glorious!

My Country's Liberty inspir'd my Soul;

'Twill soften to me Death, when I reflect

One Branch of Tyranny in his Son'slopt off —

My Fault, my Crime is, that I stain'd my Blood;

That I, who Spring from an illustrious Race,

Shou'd foully blot mine Honour and my Name,

In personating one so basely born,

And vilely stoop to call thee Monster Father.

Om. Hence with the Traytor, Guards, root up his
Tongue,

Then bid him boast his Lineage.— [Enter Menes.

Men. From *Phanes*, Sir, I come with Voice of Joy,
Sedition's, wild and catching Fire's extinguish'd,
E'er it could rise to Flame, it's Author's safe,
We hold him in a Toil.

Om. Say you secur'd?

Men. Closely pursu'd, he to the Temple fled,
We seiz'd the Traytor, and had forc'd him thence,
But proud, the Priests, in their high Post of Pow'r,
Boldly oppos'd us, and maintain'd with Clamours
The constant Privilege of that sacred Place,

As Refuge safe to All, nor will they yield,
But to the King in Person, Lord *Phanes*, Sir,
Humbly intreating your immediate Presence,
Holds o'er the Priest's and Prisoner watchful Eye,
Lest they presume to favour his Escape.

Om. Bid him to know we'll on the Instant join him.

[*Exit Menes.*]

These saucy Priests shou'd they our Pow'r dispute,
From their Asylum we the Drones will drive,
Or that, in Ruins laid, shall be their Tomb.
To such a Height my Vengeance will I bear,
The World shall learn to tremble at my Name.

Guards lead on the Traytor — [Laying hold of *Ses.*]

Nit. Alas my Son!

[Going towards him.]

Yet e'er he die my longing Arms shall bless him.

Om. Woman approach not.

Nit. Not one parting Farewel?

Ses. How curst the Dog!

Om. See she be here confin'd,

To thee his Head shall come a Royal Present —

[*As going.*]

Yet let me not forget my Fair Protectrix —

[*To Ariaspe.*]

To thee *Ariaspe* all our Thanks are due,
Thine the Discovery of this Masked Villain,
To thee I stand indebted for my Life;
Attend till my Return, whilst to our Nuptials
This daring Criminal a Victim falls,
Then undisturb'd we will indulge our Joys —

Nit. Spight of the Tyrant will I once embrace him.

[*Runs and catches Ses. in her Arms.*]

Om. Force off her Hold or let the Sword divide 'em.

[*Exeunt Om. and Guards with Ses.*]

Nit. Distraction! Horror! Dragg'd away to Death,
Whilst I stand by a helpless Looker on.

Just Gods could you permit him thus to fall!

Ari. What live I then to bear! O my Dear Lord!
More sharp the Pangs I feel, than those of Death:
Ill fated Maid! whilst to preserve thy Life

My Care was shewn, thy Life my Care destroys.

Oh 'tis *Ariaspes* that *Sesostris* slays!

Nit. See the Dissembler with false Tears laments
The Fate of the poor Youth, whose Blood she spills.

Ari. O Queen! to my Affliction add no Weight,
Nor wrongfully accuse a guiltless Maid,
Heav'n sees my Heart, and knows how pure its Flame.
How dear his Life, tho' Chance thro' me betray'd it.
O call to Mind from whence his Safety came,
When thy revengeful Hand drew forth the Steel
To pierce his tender Heart, most monstrous Rage!
The Mothers Arm against Her Son extended.
How did I fly to save from You, *Sesostris*?
To me more dear, than ever Son to Mother.

Nit. Ungentle Maid, Thou sawst how strong my Passion,

How swell'd my Grief at his imagin'd Death,
Not as my Son, but as his Murderer
Unknowingly I sought his Life — But cease we now
Each other to upbraid, We'll jointly mourn,
Who jointly suffer — Ah Me unhappy Mother!
To taste of Sweets more bitter makes Our Cup,
The Gods but lent him to my longing Eyes
To see his Worth and make my Loss more heavy.

Ari. The Fulness of my Wee confounds my Tongue,
And crowding Sighs allow not Words a Passage.

Nit. The poor *Sesostris*!

Oh what Indignities his high born Soul
Sustains from barbarous and abandon'd Villains!
Whilst he, the Royal Youth; just to himself,
Appears a King in Dignity of Aspect,
His Port how brave! his Eye betrays no Fear,
How unapall'd his Look, whilst to his Breast,
The Sword's advanc'd! Ah how I see him bleed,
His headless Trunk now leaps in Starts convulsive,
Tow'rd me it makes, ah some One save me from it

[As frighted,

Heark! 'tis I fear the Messenger of Fate,
Who hastes to bring the Tyrant's dreadful Present,
The cruel Gift, the very Sight will kill me, —

No,

Royalty in Disguise.

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No, 'tis my Friend, and yet I fear her Greeting:
Can Looks so Chearless ever promise Comfort!

[Enter Par.]

O speak my *Parabe*, relieve my Pain,
My Fate hangs on thy Words to live or die.

Par. O Royal Mistress, once most blest'd of Mothers,
Let not my Voice henceforth be hateful to Thee —

Nis. At once dispatch me, say Thou sawst him bleed.

Par. Not saw him bleed; but I'll recount the whole —
The Tyrant fierce, and terrible in Aspect,
With Sullen Pride advanc'd, and enter'd first
The Temple, next *Sesoftris*, Noble Youth,
Dauntless came on, encompass'd round with Guards
Entering the Priests receiv'd Him, sudden clos'd
The Brazen Gates, what follow'd from within
Is obvious to divine, his Fate you might discern
In each Beholders Eye, which drop'd with Pity.
Thus clos'd the doleful Scene.

Nis. O *Parabe*!

Let's to the Temple. They'll give me now my Son,
Give him me dead, whom living They deny'd Me.
Tho' cropt my Flower tho' of its Beauties spoil'd,
My tender Bosom still shall give him Place,
I'll fold him tho' all-cold within my Arms;
Nor shall the Tyrant ever part me from him,
But in the peaceful Grave we'll rest together
Come let's away my Friend —

[going meets *Sesof.*
and *Phanes.*

Gods! 'tis *Sesoftris*!

Ses. O my Mother!

[Embracing.]

Ari. It is my Lord, my Love.

[Embracing.]

Ses. My Blessing too fair Maid must come from thee,
Discharg'd I stand from Promise to thee made,
That *Omar* ne'er should *Ariaspe* wed,
His Pow'r's expir'd and Tyranny lies dead.

}

Nis. The Tyrant dead! then like a sudden Flood,
Joy breaks upon me not to be withstood,
O! to what Angel stand we thus indebted?

Ses. The wonderful Event this Day brings forth,
Is owing all to an illustrious Subject,
'Tis all the Conduct and the Care of *Phanes*.

Ari. My

62 SESOSTRIS: Or, &c.

Ari. My Father!

Ses. His the Design, compleated by my Hand,
Thro' his Advice I wore the base Disguise,
Thro' his Advice deceiv'd, well pleas'd the Tyrant
A Victim led me to the Holy Altar,
Where, as confin'd appear'd the trusty *Dion*,
At Sight so wish'd, the Tyrant's Soul rejoyc'd,
And Slaughter smil'd, with Thirst of Blood impatient
Death's Officer requir'd to do his Work,
When valiant *Phanes* with extended Arm
Gave signal forth to our surrounding Friends,
Aloud he cry'd, long live the Prince *Sesostris*:
From ev'ry Side again my Name resounded,
And eccho'd joyful thro' the vaulted Dome.
Fear *Omar* shook, whilst on his Brow Guilt lowr'd
His Guards fled from him, now enclos'd by ours,
Fierce with my Wrongs, I bearded streight the Tyrant,
From off the Altar snatch'd the sacred Knife,
And with one Blow our great Deliverance wrought.
Beneath my Feet the Tyrant cursing fell,
My Arm the People bless'd, and cry'd out Freedom,
Shouting the Tyrant's dead, they rend the Skies.

Nit. With gracious Eye just Heav'n beholds our Wrongs,
Requites our Suff'rings with abounding Joys.

Ses. Thro' various Scenes Vice treads the World's great
Stage,

With the Parade of Pomp and Heav'n defies:
But vain the Glory that attends the Great,
Whose Pageant Honour owes its Rise to Guilt.

Crimes when full ripe, when too luxuriant grown,
Provoke the Gods, and call their Vengeance down.
Thus *Omar* finds, whilst in his Guilt secure,
Tho' slow to punish, Justice still is sure.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

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